

Title: MY JOURNEY

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On my journey to find  
the Serpent Fountain I  
was troubled many times  
with doubt about my  
quest. Was I doing the  
right thing? Was I taking  
the correct path? How  
much longer could I resist  
the urge to accept  
failure? I hunted through  
the master's chambers,  
stared into the coffins  
of those who once cared  
for the temple, and  
searched the library for  
the keys and implements  
necessary to complete the  
quest. The Master would  
only tell me two things;  
that I would have no  
reason to leave the  
temple, and that  
somewhere on the path  
my discipline would be  
tested. I speak only in  
generalities, lest my  
words be seen by the  
wild eyes of one  
undisciplined. I doubt not  
that such a person would  
die on the way to the  
water, but there are  
wards against death in all  
its incarnations.

My discipline was indeed  
tested, and tested  
harshly. The key to  
completing my quest was  
perseverance. I had to  
search the same place  
many times and not admit  
defeat; I had to discipline  
my mind to keep it from  
wandering. The hardest  
part of the path to the  
fountain lay just before  
it, and I bear the scars

on my feet, but, as is taught here, if one can only discipline the mind, the body can then be trained. I pushed the pain from my mind, so that I did not feel the acid searing my flesh, eating away at my skin.

When finally I did reach the fountain, the test was not over -- to return to the temple proper, I had to brave the acid again. The test made me strong, obedient, disciplined. Had I failed, I would be as one of those whose hearts I seek to skewer; chaotic and undisciplined. Due to the lessons of discipline I had learned, I was able to not only force the pain from my mind as the acid tried to eat my legs away, but steel my flesh against it so that now only the soles of my feet bear mild scars...